

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

#### IRREVOCABLE.

The waves leaped upon the long white beach, leaping up and ran back again. Their sound was almost drowned in speech—sweet longings and sighs of pain. There were tiny shells strewn on the sand. And Margaret, her neighbor's daughter, went gathering them in her small white hand. While I gazed over the water.

A boat came dashing under the pier. My own true love had returned. And his shout of welcome I could hear. Clearer than Margaret's singing. While "O come," he cried, "and sail with me! With spray my mate is wet: We'll be two miles from shore Before the sun is set!"

But I thought of the garden wall That held the wind-swept rose. And the sheltered mossy seat, all The roses that climbed the roof. "Nay," I called, "I called: 'I fear The billows and the rain.' But still be true to me, come here, Sweet love, with me to-day!"

I frowned at last, and I shook my head: He checked to see a redder glow. "O, for shame," Margaret said; "If he will take me, I'll go!" Lightly she ran over the sandy beach Where lingered the golden light. And his outstretched hand helped her to reach. My place, by tiller and wheel.

Dark and stern was my lover's face. Yet he called once more to me: But my Margaret sat there in my place, And I turned back to see her. I heard the rattling of sail and rope, I heard a light fragrance. But I bent to watch a purple rose And gathered a faint pink shell.

They had gone their twenty miles and more Or ever the day was done: They were heading toward the tide-washed shore Before the set of sun. But a cruel cold wind and black, And a storm-blast swept the sea. No sail could live in its savage track, No boat could return to me.

They were wrapped in the billows' mad embrace: They were drowned in sight of land; They found together in the foam. On the cold, dark beds of sand. O, break, my heart! I strive to abide In but to cry, "He's gone!" Would Margaret walk here on the shore?—*Mary L. B. Brown, N. Y. Independent.*

#### IN BUTTERFLY TIME.

After Forty Years of Faithful Waiting.

"Seems to me the butterflies are dretful thick this season, Becca."

"Yes, they do seem to be considerable thick, mother."

"I never see 'em so thick. That's half swarms on 'em: lots of them common yellow ones, an' leetle rusty red ones; an' that's some of them big spotted ones, ain't that? Near's I kin see 'em, an' I don't see 'em no more a-settin' out that heat of clover."

"Yes, there is one, mother."

"That's lots of grasshoppers, too. The grasshoppers air a-risin' up around my feet, an' the butterflies air flyin' up in my face out of the flowers. Lor, we've got to the bars a-ready! I hadn't no idee on't. Be keerful about lettin' on 'em down, Becca."

The younger of the two old women led down the bars which separated the blooming field which had been traversing from the road, and they passed through.

"S'pose you'd better put 'em up agin, Becca, though that ain't any need on't, as I see. That ain't no need on't, as I see. But the butterflies an' the grasshoppers, an' they'll git out if they want to, whether or no. Let me take 'em."

"There ain't no need of it, mother."

"Yes, I will, too, Becca. I'm just as strong in my arms as ever. I'm just 'a-ir' nothin' but a little old woman."

"I don't think so, mother; I know you're real strong."

"I allers was pretty strong to lift—stronger than you."

The bars up, the two women kept on down the road. It was bordered by stone walls and flowering bushes. Ahead, just as far as they could see, was one white house. They were going there to a women's prayer-meeting.

The older of the two kept a little ahead of the younger, trotting weakly through the short, dusty grass. Her small old head in a black straw bonnet bobbed in time to every step she took. Her face, pale and wrinkled, was a little face peeped out of the bonnet, alert and alert aggressive. She wore a short black shawl tightly drawn over her narrow, wiry back, and held her folded primly in front over the two ends.

The other woman, her daughter, pacing daintily behind, was taller and slenderer. Her face was pale, but with a slight smile, and a sweet, wide mouth. The dress was slightly younger, a hat instead of a bonnet, and no shawl over her black calico afternoon dress.

As they drew near to the house the old woman peered anxiously ahead through her spectacles.

"See any one there, Becca?"

"I should think two women jest went in. I couldn't tell who they was."

"You'd orter wear your spectacles, Becca, your eyesight ain't so good as mine was at your age. She's got her room open for the meetin'." I kin see the curtains flappin'."

Quite a strong soft wind was blowing. As they went up the front walk between the pinks bushes with their purplish-pink heads, the green curtains with a flowery border swung in the wind. The old woman, Thomas' best room, the one on the right of the front door.

The door stood open, and a mildly curious face peeped through the window. "That's old Mrs. Wheat an' Becca," said some one in a whisper to Mrs. Thomas, and she came to the door, and looked in.

There was a solemn composure on her large, comfortable face. "Good-afternoon, Mrs. Wheat," said she; "good-afternoon, Becca."

They walked in with staid demeanor, and took their seats. The chairs were set close to the walls around the room. There were nine or ten women, all with white faces. One old woman sat close to the mantle-shelf, and Mrs. Wheat took a vacant chair beside her. The old woman, Thomas' best room, the one on the right of the front door.

an' enable her to look away from the feebleness an' want of strength which is brought on by old age. When she is in a country where the wicked cease from troubling an' the weary are at rest."

When the prayer was ended, Mrs. Dill, who was Mrs. Dill's daughter, wanted to see her. She went to her room, and called her out into the sitting-room.

"You an' Mrs. Wheat can visit a little while, while Becca an' I are out here," said she.

Mrs. Dill looked at her daughter when she said this, as if inclined to decline the proposal. Then she expressed of staid stern fortitude came over her face, and she settled herself solidly in her chair.

The two looked primly at each other. "How is Mrs. Thomas?" said Mrs. Wheat; "an' how is Adoniram?"

"They air both as well as thank ye," said Mrs. Dill. "I s'pose Adoniram is to work?"

"Havin'."

"I thought I ketchin' a glimpse of him in the room over that where he come in. Adoniram grows old, don't he?"

"I don't know."

"I s'pose he's in the room over that where he come in. Adoniram grows old, don't he?"

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this afternoon, and she an' me had a little talk about the old affair of the 'Becca agin'."

"There ain't any use bringin' it up, mother."

"She said she didn't mean a thing when she talked to you about that butterfly thing. She jest thought you hadn't order be wastin' your time. I s'pose you know I didn't believe a word on't. I told her right to her face that she thought you wasn't good enough for Becca, an' she wanted her to be a better rag objections."

"Seems to me I'd have let it all gone, mother."

"I wasn't goin' to let it all go, Adoniram. I'm slow-spoken, an' I don't often speak. But once in awhile I've got to. She's the most aggravatin'—I don't know what you would do with her. She's a wicked woman. Becca, you'd hed to hev her arter Mr. Wheat. She ain't never liked me. She tried to be dretful nice to me to-day, an' she said she'd go to the end of the world to see me. She's a wicked woman."

"I s'pose she's in the room over that where he come in. Adoniram grows old, don't he?"

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#### JEWELRY IMPOSITIONS.

Tricks of Trade Which Have Buyers at Their Mercy—A Few Hints.

"The methods of imposition in the manufacture of gold jewelry," said the old jobber to a Tribune reporter, "are endless and vary according to the style in vogue. Broadly, it may be said that there is more chance for fraud and imposition in heavy-weight goods than in light. There is a certain class of manufacturers at work all the time producing goods for working the pawnbrokers. In New York, Philadelphia, and other large Northern and Eastern cities the circulation of these goods is much greater than in Chicago, as the pawnbroking business here is of a much less rushing description. Sometimes pawnbrokers buy quantities of these goods in bulk, but as a rule they are sold in single pieces, and in single pieces the pawnbroker, whether he discovers the imposition or not, does not eventually lose. If the stuff is good enough to impose upon him, no layman can distinguish it from the honestly-made article, and he disposes of it out of his window or at auction at the full rate."

No article, single or small, escapes the attention of these bogus manufacturers, but chains, lockets, pendants, and rings are the great specialties. The whole production may be roughly divided into three classes—the "filled," "edged" and "mixed." The "filled" method is generally brought to bear on the heavier goods. From 1875 to 1882, when heavy chains of cable and bar pattern were worn by both sexes, about twenty-five per cent. of all those made were more or less bogus. These chains were made by the usual filled process—that is, a thin plate of gold was welded to the base substratum before the chains were fashioned. In one link—the marked one—the bar and steel were almost always made solid. After finishing they were thickly electrolyzed and burnished to make them of a uniform color. They were then "sweated," two or three dozen being shaken up for an hour or two in a large chamois leather bag. This rounded off the sharp angles and gave them the appearance of having been worn for years. There were, however, a few links in the chain, and the leather bags were afterwards burnt in a furnace and every particle recovered by the mercury amalgam process. In lockets and pendants imposition is very common, as it is much more difficult to discover in these goods. Not only pawnbrokers are overrun with them, but the most respectable storekeepers, and even the jewellers, are constantly working upon it. They make their calculations and send them to Washington, and they are here proved before going into the almanac. The title of the book is "The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac," and if you would abbreviate this title in talking of it to one of the makers of it, you would be highly disgusted. One of them told me yesterday what it contained, but his words of scientific terms fell upon my ear like the jargon of a choctaw, and he might as well have expressed himself in Greek. Some of the more scientific of your readers, however, may understand him. I will repeat his answer to my request to know what this book of five hundred pages of solid figures contained. He said its calculations are divided into three parts. Part I is adapted to the meridian of Greenwich. It contains the positions of the sun, moon and primary planets for every mean moon throughout the year. It contains the distances of the moon from the sun and earth, and the positions of the moon's nodes. Part II is adapted to the meridian of Washington, and is intended for the use of astronomers, as well as navigators. It contains data for finding the apparent positions of the principal fixed stars for every tenth of an apparent right ascension and declination, hour angle, and sidereal time for every mean and apparent noon at Washington, and likewise the same circumstances for the moon. It also contains the mean time of transit, right ascension, and declination, horizontal parallax and semi-diameter of each primary planet at the time of transit at Washington. Part III is devoted to "ephemeris," and here, as I am not a scientific dictionary on legs, I will not attempt to repeat what the astronomer said it contained. It was much worse than the above, and when I looked again at the millions of figures as he repeated the scientific jargon I became more and more impressed with the enormous work of getting up a nautical almanac and an "American Ephemeris."

These nautical almanacs, however, do not deal with the weather. That is left entirely to the weather bureau, which is distinct from them. Almanacs were made for years before any government took them up. The old Romans had a sort of almanac, but the first printed almanac was that of George von Barck, who issued his predictions at Vienna in 1469. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries almanacs were used as political documents, and they were full of astrology, astronomy and superstition in addition to their politics. The first American almanac was that of William Bradford, who published one in 1687. Ben Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac" was first published in 1732, and the American Almanac, which continued its publication up to 1861, was first published in 1628. There are now about one hundred almanacs published in the United States, of which, perhaps, the best is Spofford's American Almanac, published by the Librarian of Congress.—*Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

It makes one feel foolish enough to have a horse snap at him on the public thoroughfare. Of course he isn't afraid, but he is annoyed, nevertheless, with a scared look over his head, and he looks a little silly, and laughs an insipid little laugh, as he reflects that everybody is looking at him; and it doesn't help the matter when somebody observes, as somebody inevitably does, that the horse was deceived by his greenness, and took him for grass. The only reason why he doesn't commit a capital crime then and there is because he doesn't know whether to kill the horse, or the man who made the verdant suggestion.—*Boston Transcript.*

A dog supposed to be a bad grasper of a plant tree in Georgia recently, and the owner, being somewhat timid about the eating or selling the fruit, had it shaken to the ground.

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#### THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA.

Decided Measures of Reform Marking the Close of the Fiscal Year.

The close of the fiscal year was marked by some decided measures of reform, at the seat of Government, in the discharge of superfluous employees, and in otherwise cutting down expenses. The saving of salaries in one bureau alone, that of engraving and printing, amounted to \$272 a day. Many other changes and removals have been effected in the Treasury Department, with the view of bringing the business to a practical working basis. The system of account keeping has been considerably simplified, and the machinery of government will run more easily during the present fiscal year. At the same time, the "clean sweep," which was so much talked about, proved, like many other reports, which were floating about the capital, an idle scare. In spite of the many evidences given by the Administration, that it is to be conducted on strict business principles, there seems to be a disposition in some quarters to expect something startling in revolutionary action on the part of the President and his Cabinet. It is just such action, repeated at certain intervals, that brought the Republican Administration into trouble and contempt.

The people expect from President Cleveland a honest, economical, and unselfish administration, and their interest kept in view above all others. This has been the governing idea in all the appointments made in Federal offices since the 4th of March, and the removals and changes have been in exact accord with it. The public has yet but a faint idea of the magnitude of the work of reforming the Government, the present administration. Twenty-four years of Republican maladministration corroded the public service and poisoned the entire body of government to such an extent that great care and circumspection had to be exercised in the first application of the system of reform. It is not for those who take but a superficial view of the change of Government, and what the people meant and expected when they made that change, last November, to speak about "clean sweeps" and instantaneous cures.

When a patient is brought almost to the verge of disintegration by disease, and neglect, the skillful physician who is called in does not at once proceed to heroic remedies. He rather endeavors to extirpate the disease by degrees. The Democratic Government had a more difficult task than seems to be understood in some quarters. Successive Republican Administrations made the system of public service a mass of corruption, and a special department of the navy under Prof. Newcomb is devoted to its getting up. It is a book of solid figures, over an inch thick, about eight inches wide and twelve inches long. It contains more than five hundred pages, and each page is black with a multitude of figures, and numbers, and letters, of which represent hours of calculation and sheets of scientific and algebraic study.

The work is published three or more years in advance of its date. The almanac for 1888 is now out, and that for 1889 is being prepared. Twelve scientists, each noted as an astronomer and a mathematician, located in different parts of the world, are almost constantly working upon it. They make their calculations and send them to Washington, and they are here proved before going into the almanac. The title of the book is "The American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac," and if you would abbreviate this title in talking of it to one of the makers of it, you would be highly disgusted. One of them told me yesterday what it contained, but his words of scientific terms fell upon my ear like the jargon of a choctaw, and he might as well have expressed himself in Greek. Some of the more scientific of your readers, however, may understand him. I will repeat his answer to my request to know what this book of five hundred pages of solid figures contained. He said its calculations are divided into three parts. Part I is adapted to the meridian of Greenwich. It contains the positions of the sun, moon and primary planets for every mean moon throughout the year. It contains the distances of the moon from the sun and earth, and the positions of the moon's nodes. Part II is adapted to the meridian of Washington, and is intended for the use of astronomers, as well as navigators. It contains data for finding the apparent positions of the principal fixed stars for every tenth of an apparent right ascension and declination, hour angle, and sidereal time for every mean and apparent noon at Washington, and likewise the same circumstances for the moon. It also contains the mean time of transit, right ascension, and declination, horizontal parallax and semi-diameter of each primary planet at the time of transit at Washington. Part III is devoted to "ephemeris," and here, as I am not a scientific dictionary on legs, I will not attempt to repeat what the astronomer said it contained. It was much worse than the above, and when I looked again at the millions of figures as he repeated the scientific jargon I became more and more impressed with the enormous work of getting up a nautical almanac and an "American Ephemeris."

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#### REPUBLICAN LIES.

An Abnormal Crop of Falsehood in the Neighborhood of the Capital.

The crop of lies, especially in the neighborhood of Washington, is unusually abundant this summer. That wonderfully imaginative being, "our special correspondent," lets himself or herself out with a charming disregard for truth and facts that causes him or her into the wildest kind of romance. The stories about disagreements in the Cabinet increase with the thermometer, and have already reached an extreme limit. According to the veracious correspondent the gentlemen who compose Mr. Cleveland's official family are on extremely bad terms with each other and with the President, and it is only a question of a short time when they will come to an actual collision. From the same authority we learn that the Democratic party is fast going to pieces, and, indeed, from a reasonable and careful estimate made of the "facts" adduced by the average correspondent of Republican newspapers, some of the conclusions drawn will be no Democratic party by fall to oppose that wonderful and self-sustaining organization which became so extremely unpopular last fall.

In fact, we are told that the Republican party is stronger than ever and the people yearn for it. Everything that the Democratic Administration has done has excited the most pronounced opposition in public opinion, and even the banks, by their patriotic action, have set the New York Tribune in a plausible state of mind. That journal indulges in a delicious commentary on the great question, "can Mr. Cleveland resist his party?" just as if Mr. Cleveland were holding the fort against an overwhelming force of wicked Democrats for the self-sacrificing purpose of protecting a few innocent Republicans. It says that many men voted for him, in number, more than enough to turn the scale—a rather tardy concession, and contradictory of what the Tribune long upheld after election—Mr. Cleveland is certain that "Mr. Cleveland could be trusted to resist and defeat his party." The utter idiocy of such a statement is too apparent to need a word of refutation.

The general tenor of the Washington dispatches and editorials published in some of the Republican journals would lead to the strange supposition that Mr. Cleveland elected President on the distinct understanding that he was to consider the Republican party as the chosen organization of the people and the Democratic party as something to be avoided and to be excluded from all participation in the Government. Then there is another crop of lies about the Administration's proposed interference in the State fall elections, notwithstanding the many strong assurances given by the Administration that it proposes to attend to its own business, which is ample enough to occupy all its attention. Mr. Cleveland and the members of his Cabinet are faithfully and solely giving their minds to the enormous work before them of reforming the Government and substituting honesty for rascality in every department. They form an harmonious, well-satisfied family, and one that can never be affected by the idle gossip of Washington correspondents. The sole aim is to remedy the evils of Republican misgovernment, and to give the people what they want, integrity, honesty and capability in every branch of the Government.—*Albany Argus.*

DEFENDING VILLAINY.

Republicans Should be the Last to Revive the History of the Tilden Inquiry.

It hardly pays to talk morality to the thief whom the law has failed to prosecute, and who has possessed his stolen property long enough to fritter it away after the manner of thieves. He has beaten the law and all propriety, and it is the proudest chapter in his bad history. He gives his red scarf to the breeze and shows his wolfish teeth whenever the law is mentioned. He snaps his fingers at the penitentiary and laughs at the common jail. What are they to him? What is it to him whether justice prevails, whether our political system is protected? He has had his triumph over good law and good men, and when at last he yields up the ghost on his iron bedstead, the triumph is his fondest recollection, whatever the humiliation of his death, and he knows that it will be preserved for the delectation of thieves for many years to come. The literature that thieves most read.

The Rochester Post-Express is a decent newspaper and it is very strange that it should assume to defend villainy that has long since been adjudged by popular sentiment to be villainy and nothing else, and that apparently without any reason, and without any regard to the fact that the man who has been so long in the penitentiary has been so long in the penitentiary.

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